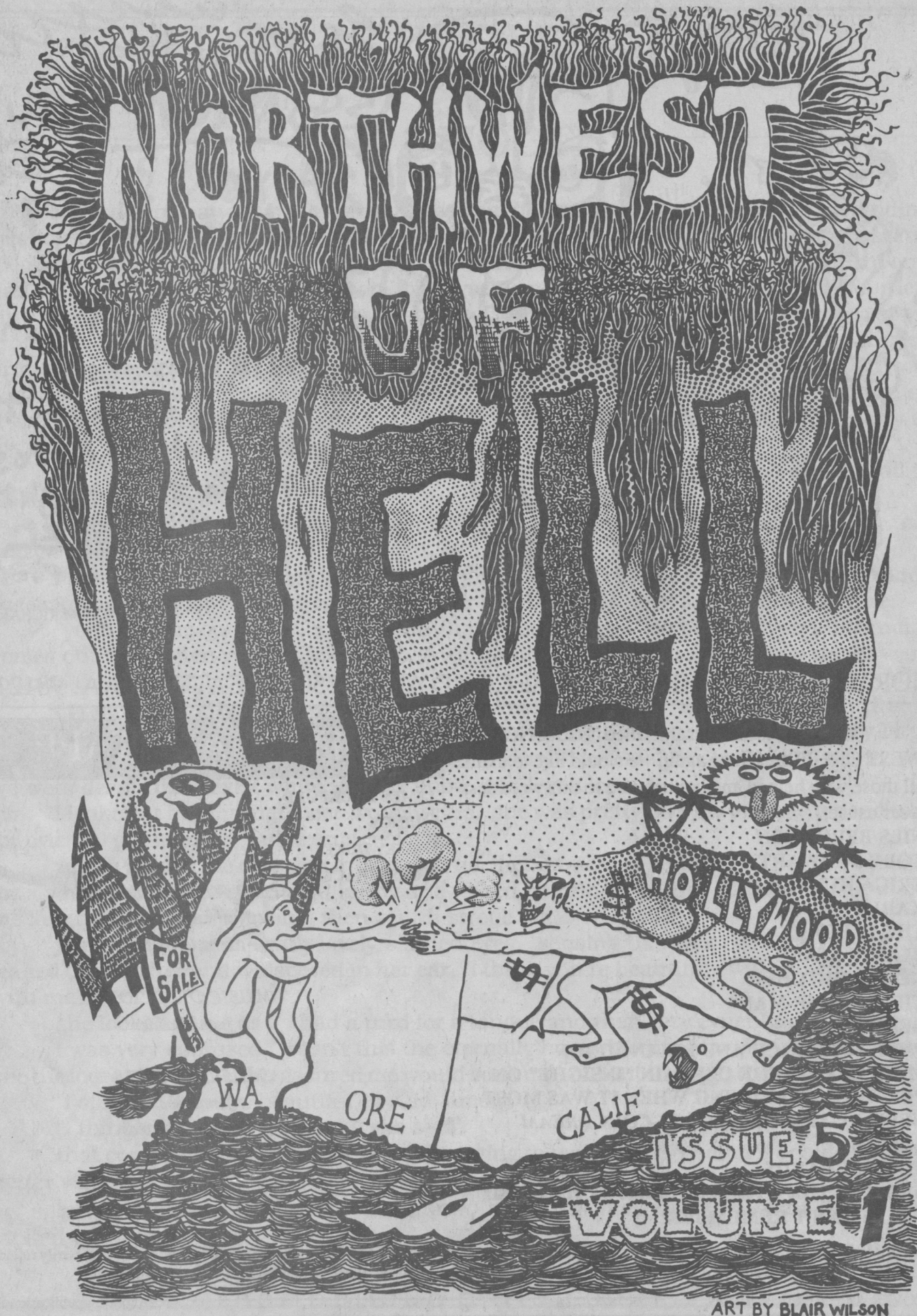
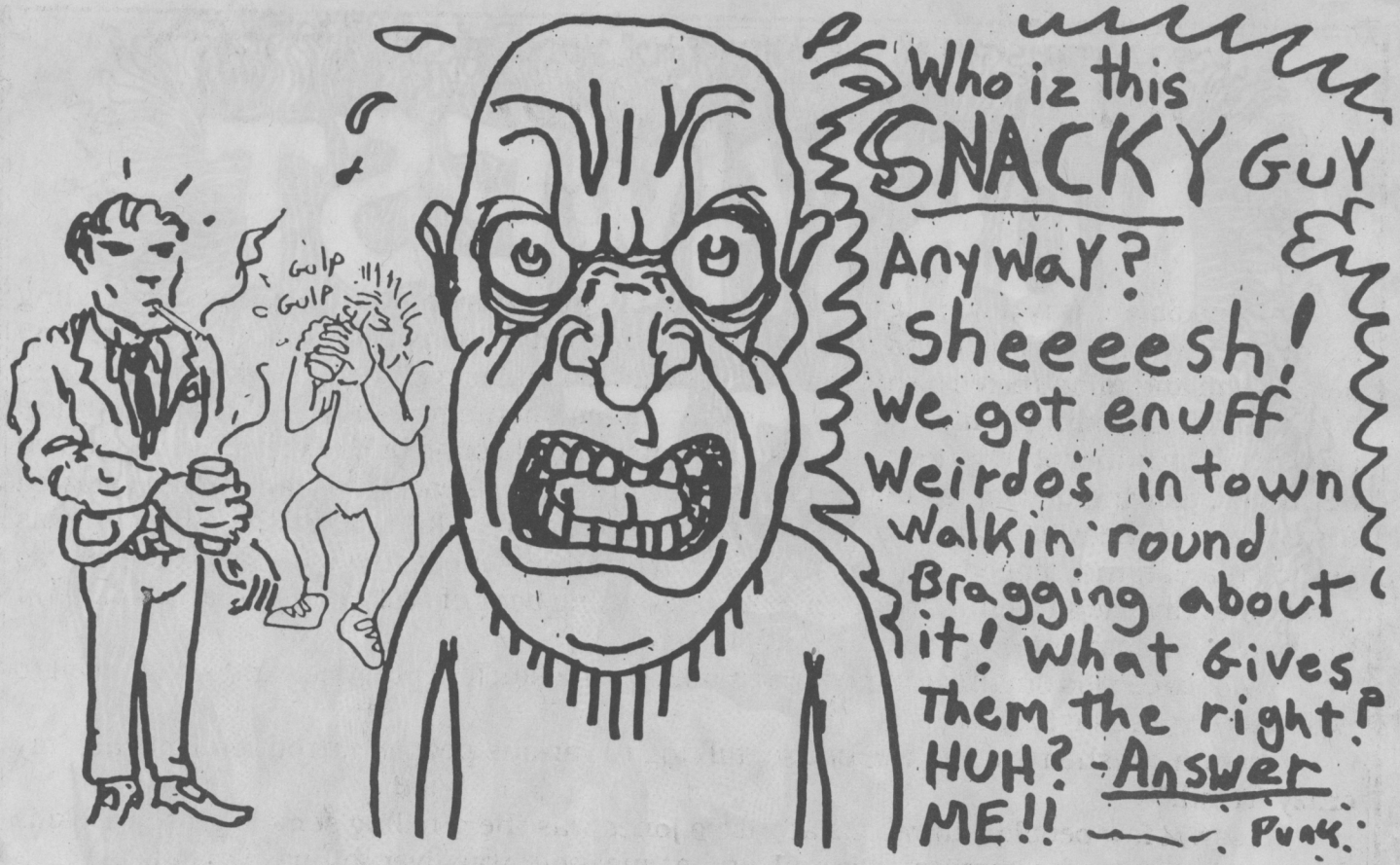


ART BY BLAIR WILSON



TOM RICHARDS

NORTHWEST OF HELL 2318 SECOND AVE. #250-A SEATTLE, WA. 98121

Welcome to another shit filled issue of NORTH WEST OF HELL. Once again we would like to thank all those who helped and contributed to this worthless loser cause;

NILS BERNSTEIN
TOBY SCHWARTZ
ERICA HUNTER
KARL ?
THE FLUID
BLAINE STARE
REGAN BUTCHER
THE "GIRLIE-MAN"
BLAIR WILSON
PAUL FRIEDRICH AND BRIAN MIXON
MIKE BAKER (FOR CERTAIN "INSIGHT" ON A PERTICULAR EVENING WHEN IT WAS MOST NEEDED -*KEEP THAT COCA-COLA DREAM ALIVE!*)
TOM RICHARDS
AND ALL THE OTHER SCUMBAGS MY FRIED BRAIN CAN'T REMEMBER!

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QUINCY
DAISEY DUKE
HORSESHACK

LITTER-ATURE EDITORS:
Nathan Nicholas
Terri Griffith

MUSIC DIRECTOR:
Jenni Bodde

MUSIC EDITORS:
Jenni Bodde
Nathan Nicholas

PHOTO EDITORS:
Nathan Nicholas
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COVER ART: BLAIR WILSON ~~1990 boring publications~~ ©1990 boring publications

BUTCHER'S BANTER

MR. SMOOTH

i was down, way down. it wasn't the bottom but it was damn close. my longstanding relationship with a very wonderful girl had ended due to a combination of insanity, alcoholism and misdirected sexual energy - all mine. i had moved out of our apartment and had taken to brooding in my new room for days on end contemplating suicide and murder. i invented a number of crazy fantasies such as smashing through bridge piers, burning down churches, blowing up trains, anything to soothe my aching heart (boo-hoo). when i started drinking even heavier than usual and writing love poems i knew that the situation was getting out of hand. i needed to get out and do something, meet some people, whatever. so it was that my friend, zenith freeman, a huge grinning bear of a man, took me to a party at his house in some nice little suburb in shitland.

the place was small, cramped and smokey. the smell of pot, beer and sweat. wall to wall people. music blairing.

zenith crashed around the house, talking to various people, introducing me as, "my crazy friend."

i saw a few people i knew. zarathustra jones was there telling some high school kids the warning signs for hemorrhaging ulcers, or maybe it was liver failure, i'm not sure.

"yeah, when you puke and it's pink- that's bad, but not too bad.. if you puke and it comes out black then you're fucked: that means you're bleeding a lot and you might want to go to the emergency room.

at one point in the evening zenith pulled me aside and said, "what you need my friend is to get laid." He pointed to an oriental girl with flowing black curly hair and very large breasts, "and she is the one for you. she's always horny. i'm tellin'you, brother, she is loose!" we were despicable sexist white trash, i know, but i was lonely.

i looked at her through beer-wobbly eyes. she was pretty, i've always had a penchant for oriental girls, and it <u>had</u> been a while so...

zenith guided me over and introduced us. her name was jenny. the thre of us talked for a while, jenny was quick and funny and i liked chatting with her (a girl who can make me laugh is rare and precious) then zenith strode off.

jenny looked at me with lovely slanted eyes. sensing this was the time too strike i leaned close to her and whispered in her ear, "i think you're beautiful. will you come home with me?"

she looked at me as if i had a turd for a tongue and then very evnenly she said. "no."

i was very confused. wasn't this the eternally horny beauty craving for sex? wasn't she the loose girl that zenith assured me would suck my soul out through the end of my cock?

"i still think you're beautiful," i said lamely.

"i think you're beautiful too," she said.

that confused me even more. was she trying to make me feel better? i could think of better ways...

so thats how it ended. i went home, beautiful me, alone. i went home and jacked off.

-R. BUTCHER 1990

BRAINDEATH IMMENEINT,HOURS IN FRONT OF THE SCREEN.WATCHING NOTHING. THE SHOPPING NETWERK, MTV , ALL CABBAGE FOR THE MIND THIS RELIGION HAS REPLACED ALL OTHER GODS . WAR ON DRUGS. THE WAR ON TELIVISION . IM AN ADDICT.EYES GLAZED OVER FROM CARTOONS TILL GILLIGAN SAYS GOOD NITE AT THREE AM. CABLE COMES ALONG AND I NEVER SLEEP CANT WORK MIGHT BE MISSING SOMETHING ON HBO.SHOT MY WIFE CAUSE SHE WOULDN"T GIVE ME THAT GODDAMN REMOTE CONTROL. IT"S CALLED THE BOX.CONTROL OVER OUR MINDS . SOON HUMAN BRAINS WILL LOOK LIKE THAT EGG IN THE FRYING PAN ANI VOTE FOR PRESIDENT BY REACHING UP AND TOUCHING OUR BEAMING SCREENS. INTERACTIVE TELIVISION I THE FINAL FRONTIER IN ULTIMATE MIND CONTROL. THE NETWERKKKS WILL POSSES US BODY AND SOUL. JERRY FALWELL WILL BEAM INTO OUR BEDROOMS EVERY DAY AS HE IS WATCHING US TOO. YOU WILL BE HYPNOTIZED BY SOFT ROCK NEW AGE IMAGES THAT GARUANTTEE OBEDIENCES TO OUR ALMIGHTY FIRST LADY OF SOAP OPERAS AND WILL BE PIPED STEAMING PLATES OF SYNTHESIZED FOOD STRAIGHT FROM EACH SWANSON COMERCIAL PLEASE HAVE YOUR CREDIT CARD READY.BUY TWO TVS ONE TO WATCH YOU AND (ONE TO WATCH THE KIDS. ATTENTION SPANS ARE A THING OF THE PAST. STAY HOME DO NOT ASSEMBLE WATCH PRESIDENT ROCKFORD ADDRESS THE NATION WITH HIS NEW PLAN. THOUGHT WILL BE ABOLISHED BY THE FIRST TELEVISED CONGRESS . PICKED BY YOU THE VEIWERPLEASE STAY HOME AND FLIP THOSE CHANNELS YOU WILL SOON FORGET THAT YOU ARE UNEMPLOYED.YOU CABLE BILL WILL BE PAYED BY THE TAXPAYERS NOW.VICE PRESIDENT ROGERS INVITES THE CHILDREN TO COME PLAY IN HIS NEIGHBOR_ HOOD-THE WHITE HOUSE. CABBAGE IS VERY FILLING BUT HAS LITTLE NUTRITIONAL VALUE
THERE WILL BE SCREENS ON BUSSES AND TRAINS TOO EASE THAT COMMUTE . NO THE OUTSIDE WORLD CEA: TO EXIST AND YOU ARE LULLED FROM WAKING HOUR TO THE FINAL NIGHT NEWZ .EVEN IF YOU MANAGE TO GET AWAY FROM THE SCREEN THE.THEME FROM LAVERNE AND SHIRLEY WITH BE STUCK IN YOUR HEAD FOLLOWING YOU AROUND WITH SINGING SHLEEMEAL SHAMAZOO IN YOU EAR UNTIL YOU TUNE IN AGAIN. WELCOME TO THE NEW AGE. THIRTY THREE CHANNELS OF CHANNELING ALONE. THE SPIRITS OF THE DEAD WILL SPEAK TO US FROM THE SHINING WISDOM OF THE GLOWING SCREEN AND WE WILL DO AS THEY SAY. ELVIS WILL LIVE FOR EVER IN RERUNS. WILLIAM SHATNER WILL NEVER GET FAT AND SLOWLY EVEN CARTOONS WILL BECOME TOO COMPLEX FOR THE FIBERS OF YOUR DECAYING BRAIN.YOUR MATE WILL BE SELECTED FOR YOU BY THE NETWERKKKS BASED ON VEIWING COMPATABILTY. DO NOT DESPAIR. JUST FLIPP THOSE CHANNELS AND BE HAPPY OR THE NEXT EPISODE OF COP ROCK WILL BE FILMED IN YOUR HOME.ALL YOUR NEIGHBOURS WILL BE AS CHARMING AS THE COSBYS AND GOOD DANCERS TOO. WATCH TV AND YOU WILL SEE. THE FUTURE IS HERE CONSUMER GOODS WILL COME FROM THE THIRD WORLD TO YOUR DOORSTEP JUST REACH UP AND TOUCH THE SCREEN YOU WILL BE HEALED. PRISONS WILL NO LONGER EXIS FOR THE CITZENS OF TV LAND. PUNISHMENTS WILL CONSIST OF RESRICTIONS OF PRIME TIME VEIWING AND IN EXTREME SITUATIONS TWENTY_FOUR HOUR VEIWING OF SEVENTIES SITCOMS AND GAME SHOWS MAY BE NEEDED. THE ONLY CAPITAL CRIME WILL BE KILLING YOUR TELEVISION. SHUT UP! WATCH TV! BE HAPPY AS A CLAM OR ANY OTHER SINGLE CELLED CREATURE. CHILDREN WILL BE CONCIEVE DURING LONG COMMERICAIL BREAKS. DO IT DOGGIE STYLE SO YOU CAN BOTH WATCH THE GAME.CHILDREN WILL BE BORN IN GENERAL HOSPITAL AND SET IN FRONT OF SESAME STREET AND MAY SOON COME WITH REMOTE CONTROLS FOR THEIR DAIPERS. FORGET ABOUT TROUBLE WALLY AND THE BEAV. NEVER HAD IT SC GOOD.TUNE IN YOU MIGHT MISS SOMETHING FLIPP THE CHANNELS TILL YOU HAVE A SEIZURE. MARCUS WE WILL MAKE IT OKAY BY PRIME TIME TOMMOROW.PERRY MASON AND JUDGE WAPNER WILL SOLVE ALL YOUR LEGAL PROBLEMS TUNE IN . BE HAPPY OR BART SIMPSON WILL COME OVER AND MAKE YOU THINK . YOUR MATE WILL NEVER HAVE AN AFFAIR SHE IS LIVING IT THROUGH ALL MY CHILDREN.JUST DON"T KILL YOU TELEVISION. IF YOU COMMIT THIS UNSPEAKABLE CRIME PONCH AND JOHN AND THE GUYS FROM S.W.A.T AND JOE FRIDAY WILL APPEAR AT YOUR DOOR PLAYING THE MUSIC FROM DRAGNET AND YOU WILL BE TAKI EN TO THE HILL STREET STATION FOR BOOKING.PUNISHMENT WILL BE CRUEL AND UNUSUAL. YOU WILL BE SENTENCED GO LIVE IN THE WOODS WITH GRIZZLY ADAMS AND EVERYBODY FROM LITTLE HOUSE ON THE PRARIE. YOU WILL BE DISCONECTED FROM T.V. AND BE FORCED TO THINK AND FORM RELATIONSHIPS WITH OTHERS. MOST PEOPLE DON"T MAKE IT THROUGH THE WINTER OUT THERE. DON"T WORRY TUNE IN. YOU MIGHT MISS YOUR FAVORITE PROGRAM IF YOU READ. JIMMY SWAGGART WILL TAKE CARE OF YOUR SPIRTIUAL NEEDS.SO WHAT IF YOUR BRAIN LOOKS LIKE THAT EGG IN THE FRYING PAN. JUST FLIP THE CHANNEL IF YOU ARE UNHAPPY WITH YOUR THOUGHTS.ESCAPE INTO TV LAND YOU WILL
BE INFINITELY CLEANER AND BRIGHTER AND FULL OF SATISFYING FLAVOR. TUNE IN . WACTH MTV.YOU DON"T REALLY NEED AN ATTENTION SPAN. LISTEN TO ED SAY GOODNIGHT. HE IS HAPPY. JOHNNY IS HA PPY LISTEN TO THE NETWERKKS THEY CARE ABOUT YOU THE VEIWER. TUNE IN . TUNE IN. TUNE IN.

KILL YOUR TELEVISION

THE

FLUID

photo: Charles Peterson

The nineties appear to be a sad time for rock and roll, even in Seattle our thriving, internationally recognized, scene is feeling the pinch. The closure of the Squid Row in August, the sale of and imminent closure of the Central and the struggle of the Backstage threaten to leave "Seattle Rock City" venue-less. The sudden popularity of rap and ethnic music are blamed by some. I say it all boils down to money and the lowest common denominator, as always, rules. Sleazy profiteering by big record companies, who are after the allowances of fourteen year olds and could basically give a fuck about music, are the cause of Rock's supposed decline. These Record company fat cats fill the Heavy rotation Ghetto of MTV with shit like Warrant's, "Cherry Pie" (a video with more cleavage shots than lyrics), Nelson, those of so wholesome boys who can barely play their guitars and completely nutless rap stuff like Bel-Biv-de dumbshit. No talent pretty boys get

rich, audience's who wish to be spoonfed their music get bored by rock-n-roll, and real rock bands like the Fluid live in the backs of smelly vans and keep rock alive in a dwindling number of small clubs.

The Fluid, from Denver. Described by the Press as retro, by themselves as Punk and by fans as Deities. I personally could give a shit wether the Fluid are Punk or polka. The final word is "THEY ROCK!!" which is a rare and wonderful thing in this world of hairspray and overdubs. Live or on tape, there is an energy present in the Fluid's sound that ships people into a frenzy. In other words the Fluid does what a rock band should; gets people on their feet and keeps them there with big smiles on their faces. The Fluid has been around for five long years. Constantly touring, playing, getting better. Five years is a long time for a band on a small label budget to survive. The close quarters and long schedules of van tours tend to flare personal problems which first leads

CHARLES PETERSON

to a loss of continuity on the stage and then to the violent death of the band. Talking to the Fluid in the claustrophobic quarters of their tour van prior to their Rock extravangana at the Central earlier this month. I tried to find out what keeps the Fluid at the top of the S-u-b P-o-p pile, still tight and bursting with energy after five years on the Road.

N.W.oH; Well first, I mean look at this van. I mean you guys are in here for weeks. I mean alot of bands just wouldn't get along. What I'm tryin' to say here is How the Hell do you guys get along? What keeps you together?
Fluid: Love. Plain family Love. I mean we've known each other for a long time. This is what we love to do. Tour, and that goes for all the people in this band... Besides, nobody else would do it with us. We've all been friends for better part of ten years. Long before the Fluid existed. So we have a good foundation. (At this moment a truck goes by on first avenue and obliterates much of the conversation. The Fluid responds with a battery of jokes and wise ass comments.)
Fluid: Must be a cat stuck in a tree. No, an old lady's stuck in a tree. Late for coffee and doughnuts. Ultimate noise band from Seattle is the fire department.
N.W.oH; (Smiling) The sense of humor?
Fluid: Sense of humour? Dude, we're totally fucking serious... Farkel deeps us going. Farkel's a dice game. Without Farkel we'd all be playing in a metal band. Farkel is what distinguishes us from every other band.
N.W.oH; Something you invented?
Fluid: No the National League invented it. The Farkel Leagues. They have big stadiums for it now. We're just kinda wanna-bes right now but we're thinking of buying a team. Triple A farm team. Send our best up to the pros.
NWoH: Some girls wanted me to ask you this one. Any of you guys married, serious girlfriends or what?

Fluid; All of us have serious girlfriends...
NWoH: ...In every town (laughter)...
Fluid; Well we have one that travels around with us for a week and we all use her and then we get a new one... But the're all really serious though. We're all morons. That's how we stay together, we believe in sharing. No, actually we're all faithful to the one we love and adore. She doesn't know which one of us to marry.
NWoH; Any major label bite, nibbles, plans?
Fluid: Yeah we just told Warner to fuck off... Yeah maybe. Maybe not. We just keep playing our music and seeing what happens. Someone's always talking but talk and reality are two separate things. We don't get too excited over it. It's really easy for some real happy-go-lucky, eager-to-please new employee for a big record company to come and butter us up. If somebody wants to talk we'll listen but we don't take it all too serious. I mean that's just gonna be a bonus. We're doing what we love now and our shows keep getting bigger and better. If we make a lot of green on top of that... even better. But until then we're just happy to be doing the shit we're doing.
NWoH; How's the relationship with SUB-POP been?
Fluid: Real good. We're still here. We have a little bit of a communication problem, with us being in Denver and their being here but other than that, real good. -NATHAN NICHOLAS

GO TO HELL!
NORTHWEST OF HELL
WE'RE ALWAYS LOOKING FOR CREATIVITY OF ANY SORT! SO GET OFF YOUR ASS AND STICK IT IN IN THE BOX!
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UNCLE LOU'S 29 WAYS TO SIT ON THE TOILET

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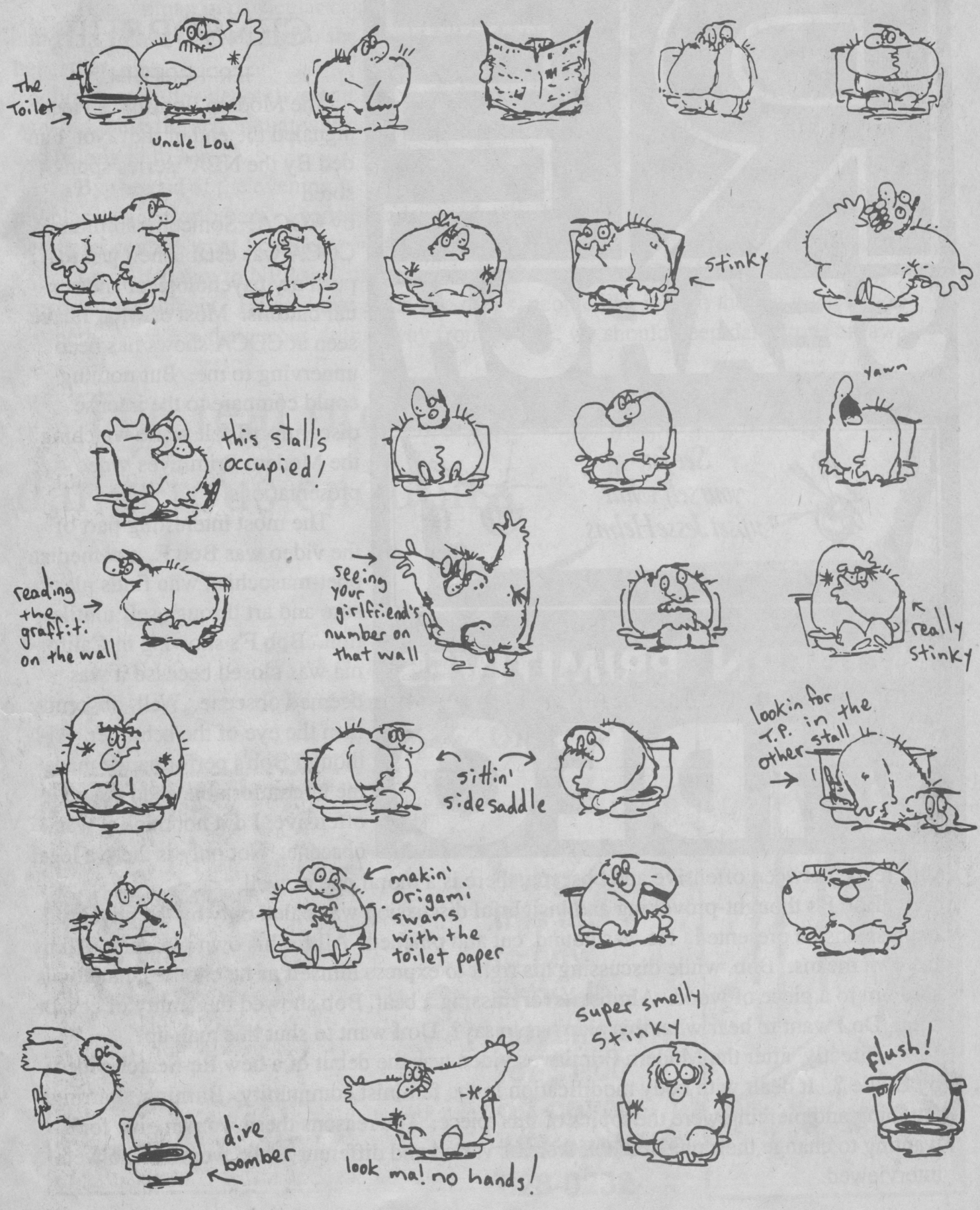


MODERN CENSORSHIP

~~TERRI GRIFFITH~~

The Modern Primitives video signaled the end of the "Not Funded By the NEA" series sponsored by COCA. Sometimes I think COCA was established just to push my psychological and sexual buttons. Most of what I have seen at COCA shows has been unnerving to me. But nothing could compare to the intense discomfort I felt while watching the Modern Primitives video presentations.

The most interesting part of the video was Bob F., a comedian-poet-masochist, who finds pleasure and art through self mutilation. Bob F's showing in California was closed because it was deemed obscene. Well, obscenity is in the eye of the beholder. Although Bob's performance made me uncomfortable and I found it offensive, I did not think it was obscene. Not only is there a legal difference between offensive and obscene, there is a moral one as well.

Bob F's thought-provoking and insightful discussion was paled only by the physical expressions he presented. He was bound, cut and pinched. All for his own pleasure. All by his own means. Bob, while discussing his right to express himself as he chooses, nailed his scrotum to a piece of wood. Almost never missing a beat, Bob showed the reality of censorship. Do I want to hear what this man has to say? Do I want to shut this man up?

Directly after the Modern Primitives video was the debut of a new Re-Search video by Leslie ?. It dealt with body modification in the feminist community. Burning, scarring, tattooing and piercing were the topics of this piece. The reasons these women give for wanting to change their physical self were as varied and different as the women who were interviewed.

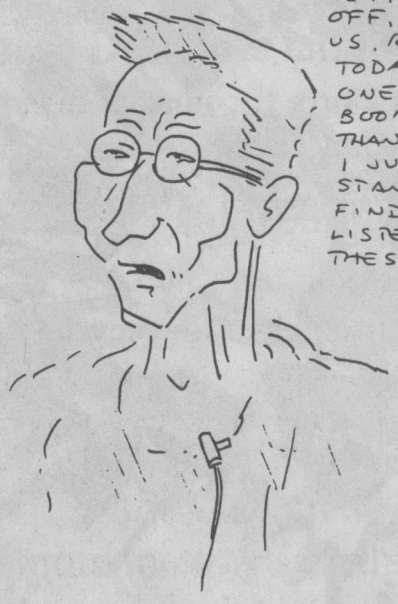
One woman in particular caught my interest. She recounted her story as an incest survivor. When she was a girl, she would cut and burn herself after she had been raped by her father.

To this woman, the decorative and ritualistic burning that we saw performed on her was a way of taking the action that was once negative and making it something that was positive and belonged to her.

By the end of the evening it had become obvious to me that no matter what, it is not my place to censor others. I cannot understand why there are people out there who feel justified in telling me what I can look at and what I can't.

I was listining to NPR the other morning and a man from Cincinnati gave the pro-censorship argument. He said that art is like drugs, people like it even though it isn't good for them. We keep dangerous drugs away from people, we should deep dangerous art away too.

The real problem is, art is not dangerous enough.


IT'S NOT LIKE WHEN WE WERE JUST STARTING OUT IS IT? WE SPENT FIVE YEARS IN GERMANY PLAYING OUR BOLLOCKS OFF, AND NOBODY KNEW US. RIGHT. THESE KIDS TODAY, THEY RELEASE ONE SINGLE AND BOOM! THEY'RE BIGGER THAN THE BEATLES. I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND IT... DON'T FIND MUCH TIME TO LISTEN TO RADIO ONE THESE DAYS.
HAD HE BUT LIVED.

and then there was one...

bring this ad to any show in november for $1.00 off cover
109 eastlake
628-0232

THE OFF RAMP

MICHELLE HELL

SPORTPACK CHRONICALS

by - nathan nicholas

A Chapter about Dangerous flirtations in the Art/Drug Underground or More Hooliganism amongst the Terminally Cool

It's Friday Night and I'm sitting in my apartment, several incomplete paintings keeping me company. I'm working on the first few duck encrusted beers of a fresh sportpack. Something loud on the stereo... can't remember what. I suck down a beer gurgling on the warm foamy stuff at the bottom, light a smoke and head to the fridge for a refill. There is a cataclysmic pounding at the door. "Open up Fucker!!! We know you're in there. Police! Open up!" I go to the door, It's Dave Le Blanc with a clean shirt and a hell-raising grin on his big boyish face. The foyer in this shabby hole I live in measures up at about six foot nothing so I duck as I let this Maniac in. Dave stands there for a minute rocking back and forth like he thinks I know something. "So where's you're duds man?" I look at him with a big puzzle on my face.

"You know, your glad rags man. Upwardly mobile for the big bash." I made a slow methodical search through my beer soaked mind for what big bash Dave was talking about. There was some bash of Insane proportions every weekend and Dave and I were usually conspicuously in attendance. "Come on you big mush-head. The artsy- fartsy extravaganza at that asshole Paul Rodriguez' House."

"Oh Yeah..." The memory of the invitation slips back into my mind. Dave takes a big jolt from the bottle of cheap wine that's dangling from his arm and punches me in the shoulder. "Well come on then get some rags and some reefer and we'll have us a time."

I put on a clean white shirt, pull my big mess of hair into a ponytail, stomp into my size thirteen cowboy boots and am on my way. We walk out sportpack and wine in hand to Daves' monster sixty-eight Lincoln. I slide into the Passenger seat. Dave has a couple of much too young girls in the backseat getting crocked on Boones Farm strawberry wine. Dave lets out

a big Indian war whoop and romps on the gas sending the big Lincoln flying around the corner horizontally. The girls shreik and giggle at the same time. When the ride had slowed back down to just routine speeding I asked, "So how'd we get invited to this little soiree anyway?" Dave swerves at some kids trying to Jaywalk. "Well actually... I didn't but his... girlfriend... that fine model chick... what the fuck is her name.....?

"Devonie"

"Yeah anyway Devonie invited you. I'm just comin' along for the ride. You were really blasted so I accepted for us."

I roll my head back and laugh. "That fucker Paul hates you almost as much as he hates me. Thanks for remembering for me."

"What are friends for? Should we trash the place from front to back or vice-versa?"

I tilt back a Schmidt. "I'll drink to that either way."

The party was in one of those upwardly mobile street of dreams hellholes. Paul's parents must have been out of town. Paul Rodriguez was a spoiled rich kid who fancied himself the hippest of art types. I found him and his circle of foo-foo art fag friends to be a bunch of bores but my desire to put it to his luscious girlfriend kept our paths crossing.

We screeched up into a driveway packed with Saabs and cutesy British sports cars. The big Lincoln barely fit. A Triumph convertible got a bruised door as we staggered out of the car. Devonie met us at the door dresssed in a scanty strapless dress. She poured on the hugs and kisses with a superfluous fervor. About as genuine as a game show host. The house was the lap of pseudo luxury, deep pile carpets contrasted with polished hardwood floor and some real uncomfortable looking furniture. Some kind of Neo-Modern Italian thing. The place was crawling with art/fashion types. They'd spent a lot on the Neo-bohemian look. Turtleneck sweaters and androgenous pull back hairdos. I'd never seen that much basic black at a funeral.

I was suspicious of this little function from the moment we walked in the big oak door. This set was known for phony plastic antics but tonight the bullshit was flowing uncontrollably. I'd been there about ten minutes

and recieved so many hugs and kisses it was interfering with my drinking. Some big fashion brunette had cornered me and was babbling vacantly at my chest. "Oh You must be Joe. The **Artist.** Why I've heard so many wonderful **Things about you. I just** Love **artists. So big and handsome.... Oh I can just see that you are the most** sensitive **and** gentle **person... Oh everything about tonight is sooo wonderful.**

When I left to grab another beer she was still going on. Telling the wall how beautiful it was. I was sure I was in for a strange time when I ran into Paul in the kitchen. He greeted me like some long lost Icon. He babbled endlessly about the suffering of art and the beauty of life or maybe it was the other way around. He finally let me go with this bit of wisdom, "If anyone can tell you about Pain I can but... I can't." He got lost after that one and stared at the refrigerator with a glass eyed calm. This led me to grab my sportpak and retreat to some corner of the house where I could suck back a couple and figure out just what the Fuck was going on Here. I ran into Dave when I was trying to sneak across the living room (Imagine trying to sneak across a room when you are a six-foot-five football dropout.) Dave was standing there looking bewildered with one of the young girlies sagging on his arm and a severely depleted jug of wine in his hand.

"Dave ," I said with a certain amount of concern, "What the Fuck is going on here?"

Dave rolled his face back into an eyeballs out near psychotic look. "I don't know Man but I'm about to wig out!"

Seeing that my friend was really on the verge I scooped him and his date up and drug them into the relative safety of the back bedroom.

It was dark in the bedroom but we were able to make out the prostrate form of Butch McEgan, minor poet and major lush. He was lying on his back next to a bong and a couple of empty Thunderbird bottles. I knew from experience that he had probably downed a handful of pills and would be relatively harmless for a couple hours. He was moaning semicoherently about his last reading, his girlfriend's horrible cruelty and a bunch of shit I didn't understand. "Ignore him. He might O.D." was Dave's advice. Just as Dave and I sat down to really figure out what was going on with this scene Marcus barged in. Marcus was a speedfreak and a real Rat. "Hey Dudes"

he greeted us. Eyes glowing with Pharmacological splendor. Then he started his Pitch. "How long you guys been up? What are you on?... "What do you need?...There are many kinds of joy floating around tonight. It's all in little plastic baggies and I'll be happy to share the wonder of it all... for a small fee...of course."

God, I hate speed freaks. Eager to find out what chemicals were driving this "Beautiful" crowd to such heights of sappinesss I asked for a menu of his wares. His eyes glowed even brighter and he gave a wide theatrical flourish with his hands. "Maan," He said in a practice hipster tone, "Have you ever had any X...You know man X-Ta-Cee... the best high invented to date for a mere fifteen bucks... and I got crank too."

"Will that X stuff make me love all those assholes out there?" Dave asked, "Yeah man It'll make you love everybody and everything."

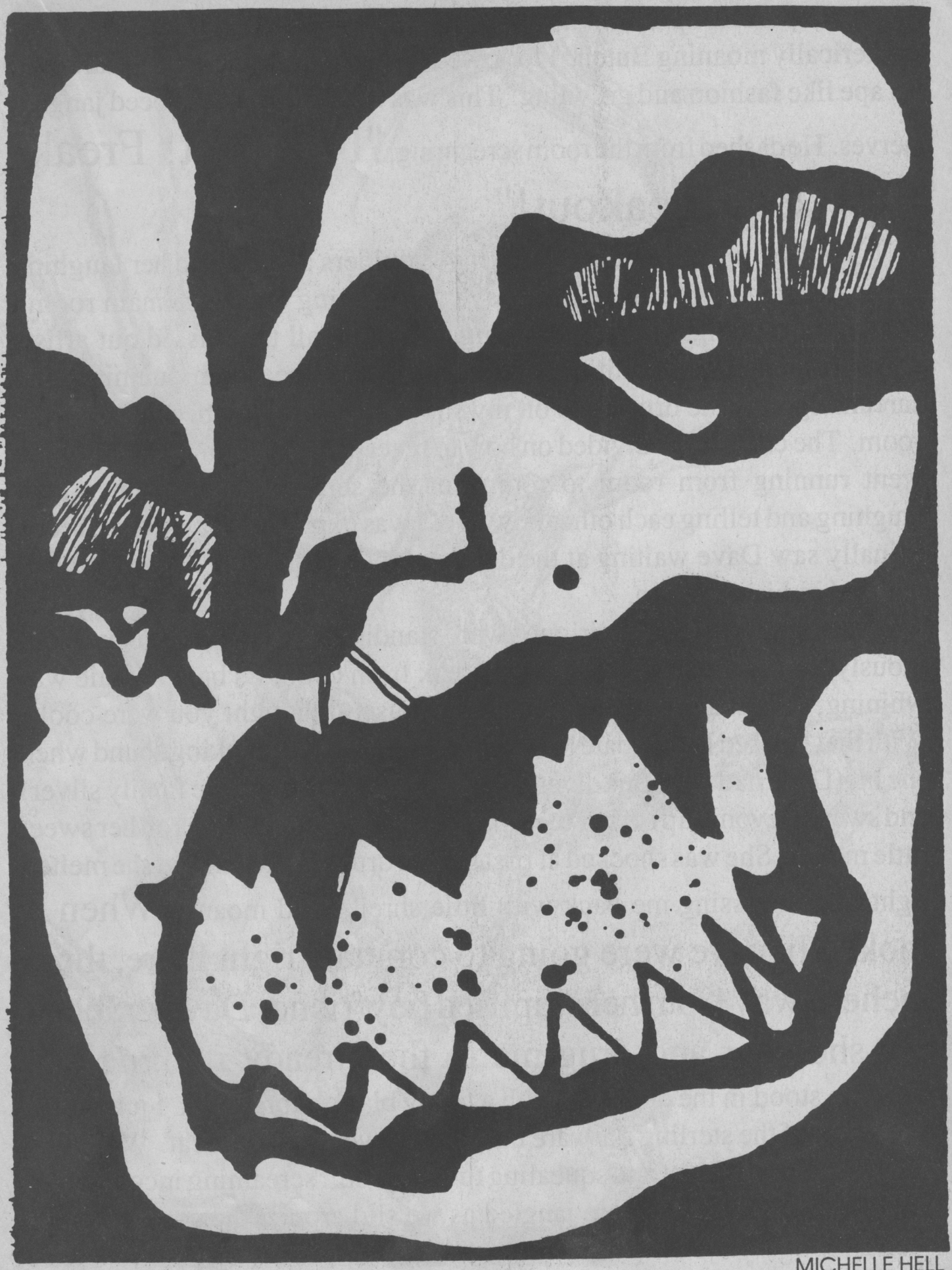
"Well I'll stick to wine then."

Marcus ignored that and focused his attention on me. "Well what about you? You're supposedly an artist. You should be more open-minded than that Neanderthal." He said gesturing at Dave with his rodent shaped head. I was sick of the whole thing so I gave in.

"Well the X scene doesn't sound like my thing but I'll take some of that crank."

"Cool dude it's the finest. Ether based and only ten dollars a bag..." I grabbed him by the neck and growled at him. "I said I wanted some, forget the sales pitch. He handed me a mirror and a small envelope. I cut the speed into lines, snorted half of it and offered the rest to Daves date. The shit burned the hell out of my nose and forced me to grimace quite savagely. Marcus stood watching with a satisfied grin on his grinding jaw. Dave who had been amusing himself by asking the near dead Butch complicated philosophy questions and kicking him whenever he gave the wrong answer jumped up and began screaming in Marcus' face. "You gave that big Fuckin' gorilla crank! I thought I told everyone not to give him that shit! It makes him mad! Crazy...Insane!"

As Dave was screaming at Marcus I began Jumping up and down and howling at the top of my lungs. Dave let out a shreik and ran from the



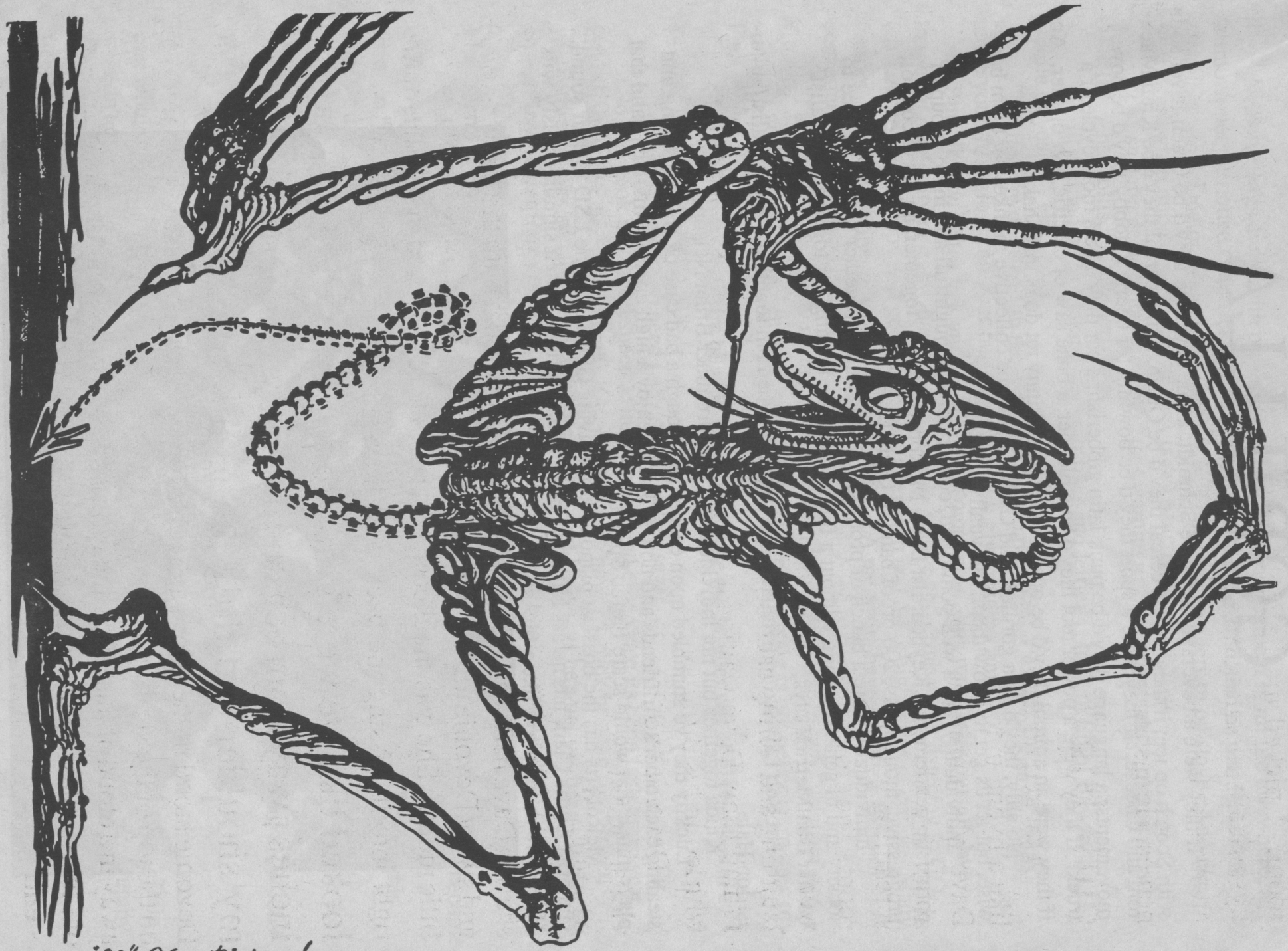
MICHELLE HELL

room. I picked up the mattress of the bed and threw it on top of the hysterically moaning Butch. I followed this up by advancing on Marcus in an ape like fashion and growling. This was too much for his speed jangled nerves. He dashed from the room screaming, "Freakout! Freak-out! Big Freakout!"

I picked up Dave's date up on my shoulders and carried her laughing like a hyena in to the chaos that Dave was making out in the main room . Dave was running around screaming. Warning all the blissed out artists about my enraged condition. I ran out of the bedroom spinning and screaming with the drunk girl on my shoulders, spraying beer all over the room. The crowd was divided on how to react to my outburst. Half of them went running from room to room but the seriously stoned ones kept laughing and telling each other how cool I was expressing myself so freely. I finally saw Dave waiting at the door so I let out one last Tarzan yell and whirled in his direction.

Devonie and Paul Rodriguez were standing by the door. Paul was obviously too stoned to deal with this break from coolness but Devonie was whining, "What are you doing to Pauls house. I thought you were cool." With that I tossed Daves date back to him. She made a clanking sound when she hit (Dave had used this diversion to stuff his coat with the family silver) and swept Devonie up off her feet and planted a passionate kiss on her sweet little mouth. She was shocked at first but the drugs kicked in and she melted right into it, kissing me back with little shreiks and moans. When it looked like we were going to copulate right there, three inches away from her stupified boyfriend, Dave grabbed my shoulder and drug me to the already running car. Devonie stood in the doorway with a totaly blank expression. I jumped in on the top of the sterling flatware that was allover the front seat. We pulled away in a cloud of dust and squealing tires. Me still screaming incoherently out the window. Silverware jangled as we slid around the corner.

- end



"90" Tom Richards

GORILLA

BY CHERRY POTART

If they were a beverage they'd be Schmidt; a fine beverage they'd be Green River soda with Scotch on ice; if they were a cereal they'd be Quisp; a fine cereal they'd be Kraft Macaroni and Cheese. If they were a sport they'd be bowling for beers; a hobby they'd be bowel movements; a language they'd be punk latin gibberish; a car they'd be a motorcycle or a truck. If they were a power tool they'd be a blender, a bone saw or electric beer opener. And if they were an animal they'd be one of those piss-skinny rat dogs that shake.

No silly, they'd be a gorilla - And GORILLA is the collective monkey for them bandwise, but let us get to know them, indivually and together.

"Individually, I'm a well-controlled, conservative, thoughtfull and merry group of optimistic gentlemen," Keyboardist Drew McRoberts says. "together, an out of control, progressive, thoughtless, 200-proof band of GORILLA."

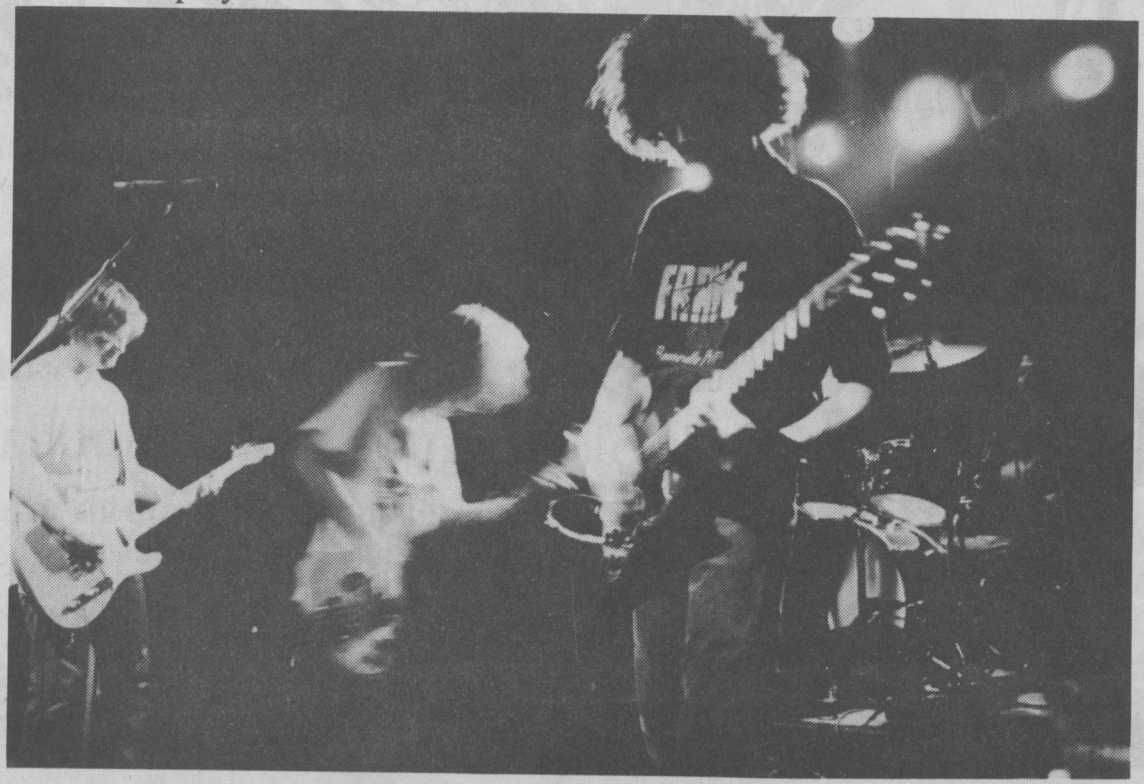
"Individually were a bunch of promising young dudes, together we're a menace to society and in general a gang without a future - We like to hang out together," vocalist/bassist Dan Merrick says.

"I'm Bob Laweski individually and Jon Hale when I'm together," says vocalist/guitarist Jon Hale.

"Kinda together but not individually," says drummer Brian Nelson.

Luckily they've stumbled upon eachother through a bad case of crab poisoning and stealing each other's girlfriends and now folks can enjoy a high energy, smart ass band that plays music that would scare Prefab Sprout.

McRoberts has the bossiest piano around, giving GORILLA the LSD to their sound. Guitarist Curtis Clark has no ass but plays butt kicking furious, often simultaneously wits Hale, who is and plays like a fucker.



Nelson bangs away with precision and crabby abandonment of all life elsewhere, a drummer people notice. Merrick slaps his bass cruelly to be kind, and he and Hale yell when they sing. One only can hope Merrick will not have an anerism on stage. And like most worthwhile things in life, GORILLA is not exactly good for you.

"The surgeon general has mandated that warnings of liver damage be placed on all GORILLA handbills," McRoberts says.

"Well, it's kind of like taking out your liver and letting it soak in Elliot Bay for a couple of years. " Hale adds.

"In affecting one's health there are one of two possiblities," Merrick says. "One: make your hair grow and your butt sweat, or two: give you the runs."

But, y'know, better sick and weak willed sometimes. You must ask yourself, live longer in depriavity or enjoy bad habits. I like to smoke and drink while listening to GORILLA, go home happy and get up the next afternoon and drink eight cups of coffee. Many factors go into this unhealthy attitude, and GORILLA members have had their share of consequential childhood incidents.

"I accidently snared my mother with a custom-built rabbit trap, age 5," Nelson says.

"I got a broom handle in my eye and thought, well painting is out better learn how to play bass," Merrick says.

"I burned down an entire hillside trying to smoke my brother out of his bunker in a game of war," McRoberts says.

"I was raised a moron,need I say more?" Hale says.

So they took up their respective instruments and ever since its been faster pussycat, kill kill. Nelsons' been banging the drums nine years now, Merrick bassing for thirteen years, three weeks and thirteen hours, currently. And Hale says he's not yet been playing his chosen instrument long enough to be good at it.

"Unfortunately, my chosen instrument is the oboe, and I have never played it, " poor McRoberts says.

Taking all the attitude schlop and throwing it together, though, they manage to become cohesively and undeniably fun. You think the Pogues have drinkin' anthems, just take a listen to "You Bitch", with a chorus of "Piss off - Piss off ... I'm soooooo pissed!" In this manner they rouse many steady unsteady fans.

"Ex-fans are God, Jimi Hendrix, my Dad and my Dog," Merrick says. "Now it's the janitor at Dicks on Broadway."

Our biggest fan is a Westinghouse tri-blade, 2 horsepower, 3 speed, model #HW3009 with changable air direction," Nelson says.

"We had a fan club, but they kept throwing up," Hale says.

As famous musicians with an influence on poltics, we'd no longer have urine tests, no one would take showers And MUZAK headquarters would be blown to smithereens. Hale wouldn't change, since he already acts like he's famous. But Nelson would act like Gumby for fifteen minutes, and McRoberts would speak badly of others and flaunt his wealth, though he also says he'd dress like me, which makes him glad he's not famous. Merrick would merely act like a drunken idiot.

But then they could dictate what is bad in music;

"RAD (rock against drugs) is dumb!" Merrick says.

"It's dumb that musicians assign letters to everything," Hale says.

"Fat housewives that smoke while they change their kids diapers and watch soaps all day are dumb," McRoberts says. "Same goes for music."

As they're not famous they'll have to settle for cigarettes, taking out the trash or music, love, truth and give meaning to their otherwise drab and dull existences. They've already had some moments of shining gig glory however. Nelson says he likes playing with the USC marching band playing Christmas tunes.

"Our best shows were with Led Zeppelin and the Sex Pistols," Merrick says. "I think ideally we will play most of our shows with Jimi Hendrix."

"X and the Stranglers are who we like playing with," McRoberts says.

However, their favorite artists are the Bay City Rollers, Captain and Tenelle and the Beatles' Barkers (sample dogs barking to Beatles songs). Some day Hale aspires to write poop jingle possibly using sample flushes.

This only gives us a hint into the many faces of GORILLA: the band. But how can one really know them, really understand these complex beings? What can one ask?

"How do your farts smell?" Merrick offers.

"If my hair color had anything to do with my music, and if I changed it what would happen?" Nelson suggests.

"Have you ever had sex with someone more than twice your weight and remembered it." McRoberts opts.

So what is to become of them? How will it make their mothers feel? What, exactly

is the GORILLA horoscope for the 90's and beyond?

"Baring a spontaneous combustion of our drummer, Gorilla will tour the coast of the Puget Sound with shows all the way Up &Up in Bellingham to the Reko Muse in Olympia. It's the (90's where we will really kick ass touring to far away lands like Boise," McRoberts prophesizes.

"Be ready for written suggestions, tests, challenges. Focus also on creativity, physical attraction, temporary change of scene. Some will comment, 'You look like a different person.' Rely, 'FUCK OFF.'" Hale says.

"When the stars emit a reddish haze and the moon is in your trunk success will be yours and all you need will be at the Safeway, but your car will not run," Merrick says.

"Cheers! Jon and his wife have a girl. Everyone will be famous for fifteen minutes and the 45 will come out October 17, 1990, at 12:05 p.m."

That's the new single, starring "Late Night," "You Bitch" and "Heinous." Because it was recorded a while ago, they don't remember why they chose those songs. The barely remember yesterday.

Now to complete the picture, each member will name 3 things, and you will have full and complete knowledge of Gorilla and be able to mind read their social sercurity numbers.

"Epitaxial magnetic particles, an apple and Comet cleanser" - Nelson

"Naval lint, dinosaurs and pinochle." - McRoberts

"Sadie, Joe and Linda." -Merrick

"The butcher, the baker and the bass line maker." - Hale

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HENRY AND JUNE and henry and june and henry and june

Henry and June is a good story but not a good movie. The Director of Photography, Philippe Roussilot, just can't hold that camera still (Too Much Coffee?) long enough for anybody to notice good scenes and great lighting.

The action- Anais is married to Hugo. Henry is married to June. Anais lusts for Henry's organ (his brain) then she lusts for June. June goes to N.Y. City. Anais Fucks Henry then Hugo, then Henry again and again and (as if you couldn't guess) again. June comes back to find that Anais and Henry have written books that are not to her liking and are both in love with her and have been Fucking (a long sentence- a long movie) while all this was going on I think Hugo was on another planet.

Now that you know what happens you can cut through the cheese cloth, cow eyes and stale lines and enjoy the story. (or I saved you 6 bucks.)

Do not go to see this movie at the Alderwood Mall- Act III cinemas because they don't have Dr. Pepper!

Mike (the crafty otter) Baker

SUB POP

SUB POP SINGLES CLUB

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Hey loser. Wanna find some action? Tired of being left out? Here at SUB POP we've just started a special club for lonely record collectors like yourself: THE SUB POP SINGLES CLUB. Every month we'll send you a limited edition 45. All you have to do is SEND US YOUR MONEY. $35.00 for a full year, $20.00 for 6 months. Your subscription begins the month we receive your $$$.

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NOV 90 **Poison Idea**
DEC 90 **Reverend Horton Heat**
JAN 91 **Nirvana/Fluid**
FEB 91 **Velvet Monkeys**
MAR 91 **Unrest**
APR 91 **Shonen Knife**

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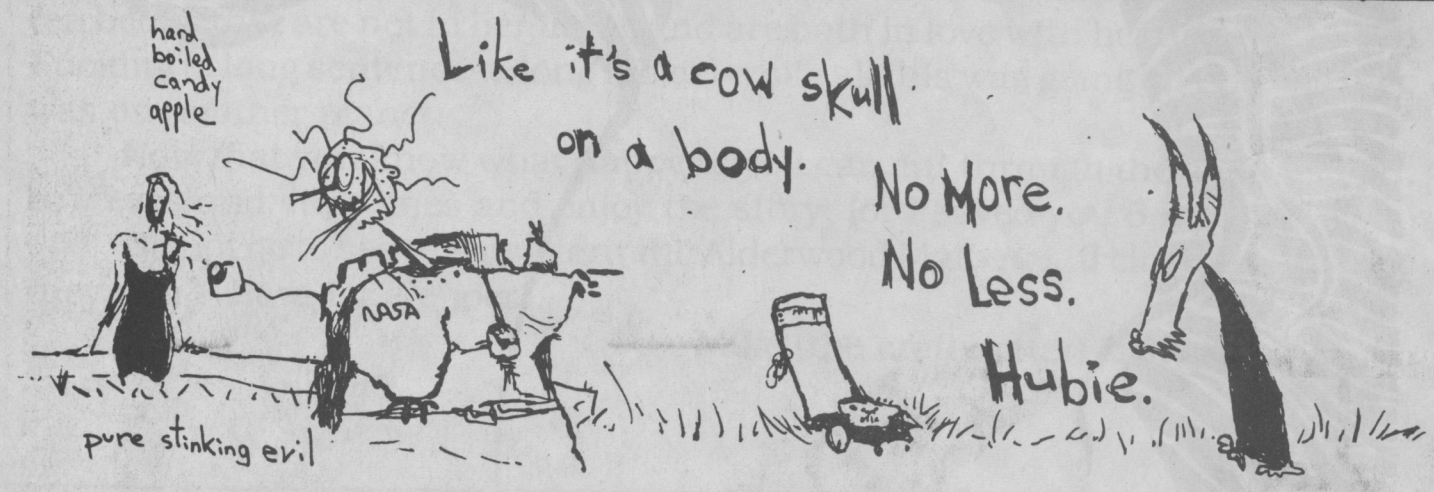
MUNCH MUNCH
THE CRITICS ARE RAVING ABOUT THIS MOVIE! "IT'S HOT!" THEY SAY!
©1990 Friedrich
THERE SURE HAVE BEEN A LOT OF COMMERCIALS ON THIS CHANNEL.
THAT'S BECAUSE WE'RE WATCHING AD TV!
LOOK AT HOW RED THE NEW HYUNDAI IS. OOOH!
NOW THERE'S A STATION THAT SHOWS ONLY OUR FAVORITE ADS?
EVERY MINUTE OF EVERY HOUR OF EVERY DAY!
GET ALL OF BURL IVES UNRELEASED GREATEST HITS IN THIS SPLENDID CD OFFER!


hard boiled candy apple
Like it's a cow skull on a body.
No More.
No Less.
Hubie.
NASA
pure stinking evil

BYE O' SEA-MONKEY OF MINE! I'M OFF TO PRUNE MY TURNIP GARDEN.
YEEECH
YUCK-O. HUBIE'S STUPID SEA-MONKEY IS GIVING ME A RASH. I'M GONNA HAVE TO FLUSH IT.
FLUSH
AND DOWN GOES THE LITTLE SEA-MONKEY.
DOWN
DOWN
DOWN
UNTIL IT MIXES WITH THE WASTE FROM THE LOCAL NUCLEAR PLANT
DANGER
MEANWHILE...
...THEN HE AND THE GRENADE DISAPPEARED. BELIEVE ME, HE WENT OUT A HERO.
THAT'S THE KIND OF SEA-MONKEY HE WAS.
©1990 Friedrich

MANY MONTHS PASS AND ONE DAY HUBIE'S PET SEA-MONKEY, NOW A MUTATED DARK TERROR BORN FROM SLUDGE, RETURNS!
HANG ON! BEFORE WE PICK UP BABES I WANT TO FLOSS!
HELP UNCLE LOU! THERE'S A MONSTER IN THE TOILET!
GROWL
I APOLOGIZE IF I FORGOT TO FLUSH AGAIN, HUBIE. JUST FLUSH IT AND LET'S GO!
IT'S GOT ME!
IT'S PULLING ME INTO THE TOILET UNCLE LOU!
STOP WHINING. I'M GETTING YOU THE LYSOL.

Happy Holiday

–Rob Skinflute '80

BIG TOP

PICTURE THIS SCENE. A GRAY SKY HEAVY WITH THE SMELL OF PULP MILL AND BADLY TINTED SEVENTIE'S CARS. STREETS FULL OF VACANT STORES AND BORED COPS LOOKING FOR TROUBLE.

THIS JUNGLE OF SMOKE STACKS AND WHITE TRASH TAVERNS IS EVERETT. A NOTHIN' TA DO HELL HOLE LIKE THIS BREEDS METAL BANDS LIKE ETHIOPIA BREEDS VULTURES. THERE ARE AT ANY GIVEN TIME JUST AS MANY BANDS THRASHING AND GUZZLING BEER IN THE GARAGE AS THERE ARE ACCUSED SHIRTS AND MEISTER-BRAU TO GO AROUND. JUST LIKE THE BAD SMELL AND GENERAL SENSE OF DESPERATION, MOST OF THESE BANDS NEVER LEAVE EVERETT. THEY STAY IN THE GARAGE AND PLAY FINGER-BLEEDING BAR CHORDS FOR THEIR FRIENDS AND GIVE THE LOCAL PIGS SOMETHING TO DO ON THE WEEKENDS. OCCASIONALLY THERE ARE BIG EXCEPTIONS TO THE RULE, THRASH INNOVATORS LIKE MACE AND THE ACCUSED HAVE HUNG UP THERE SPIKED ARMBANDS AND PUT ENOUGH BEER IN THE FRIDGE TO CALL EVERETT HOME -BASE FOR A WHILE. THE LATEST GROUP TO EMERGE FROM THESE DIOXIN FILLED TIDE FLATS IS BIG TOP.

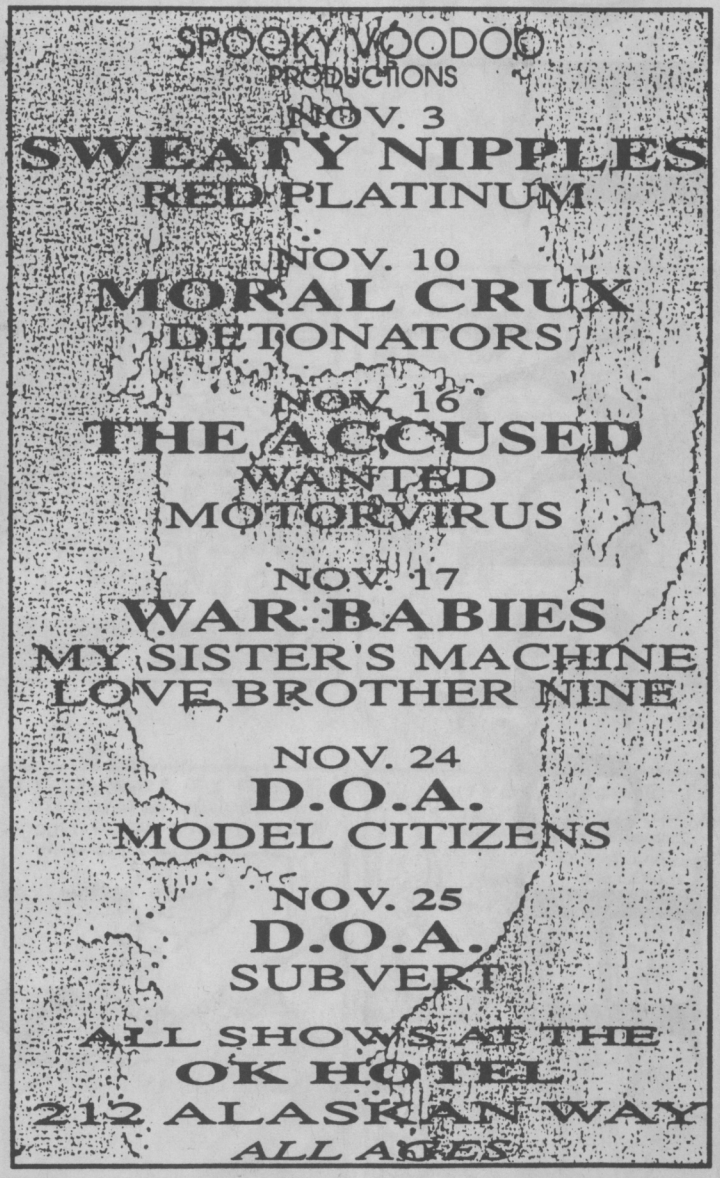
BIG TOP IS A BAND WITH A CAREER'S WORTH OF LINE UP CHANGES AND PERSONAL TRAGEDY. TWO OF THE ORIGINAL MEMBERS DIED IN A CAR CRASH THIS PAST SUMMER. ORIGINAL BASSIST PHIL (DEHUMANIZERS, VAMPIRE LESBOS) BENTZ MOVED ON TO DEVOTE ALL OF HIS MANIC ENERGY TO SLAM SUZANNE. THE LIST GOES ON. DESPITE DIFFICULTIES THAT WOULD HAVE SENT MOST BANDS SCATTERING IN A THOUSAND DIRECTIONS, BIG TOP HAS STAYED AND BELIEVE IT OR NOT, IMPROVED. IMPROVING IS SOMETHING ELSE EVERETT THRASH BANDS ARE NOT KNOWN FOR.

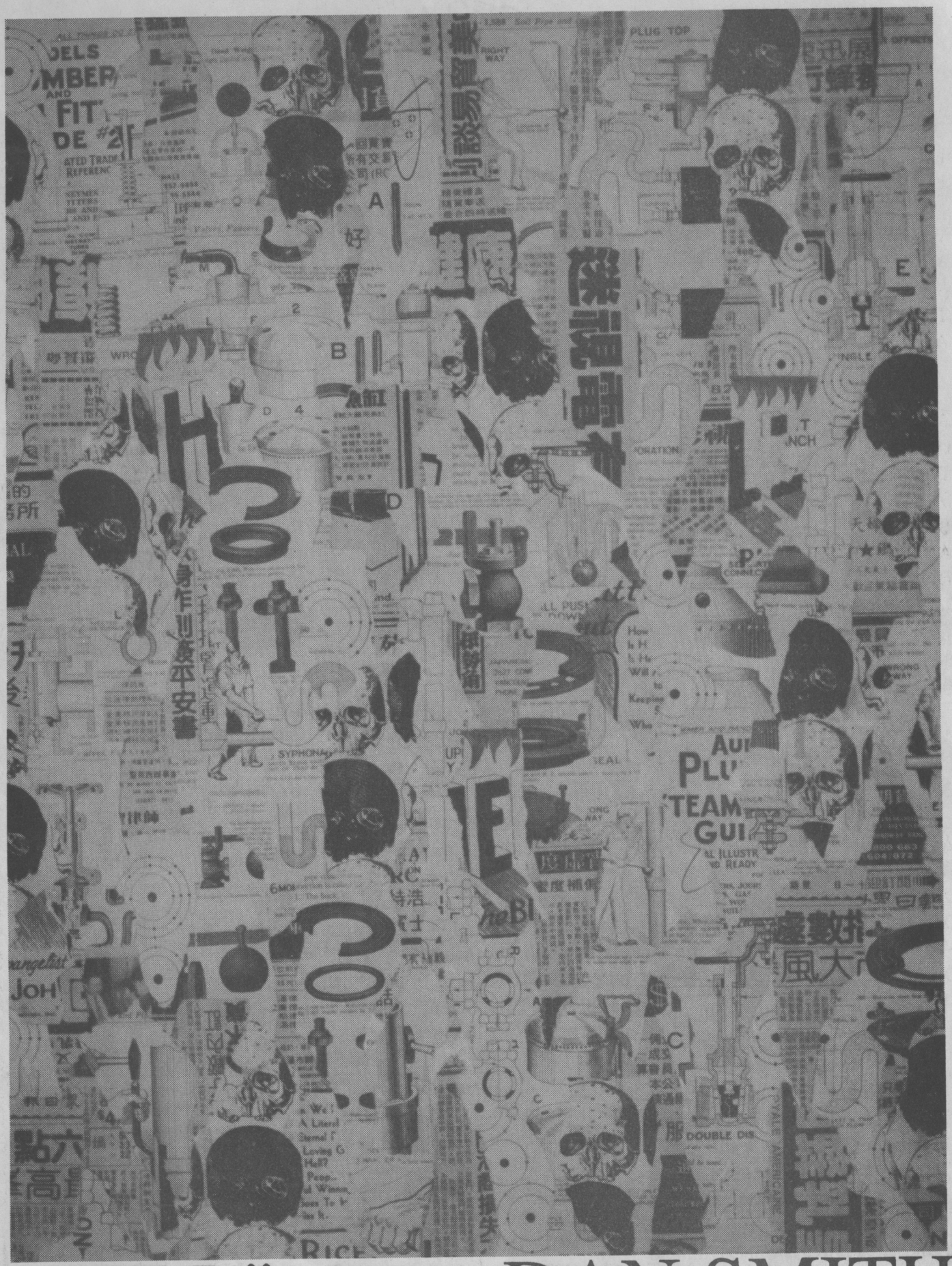
FROM AN EARLY ORIGINAL LINE-UP GIG IN SOME POOR SOULS HOUSE IN EVERETT, TO THEIR PERFORMANCE AT THE FAR SIDE TAVERN IN NORTHGATE LAST WEEK, BIG TOP HAS ONLY GOTTEN BETTER. -N.N.

NIRVANA

OLYMPIA 10/90

It rained and I waited in line to see Nirvana with yet a newer drummer from the band Scream. After sound problems with shortages, Nirvana ripped into a Vaslines cover that sounded like Heaven on Earth. They played a set that seemed to never end or let up. Personal faves had to be "Been a Son", "Silver" and "Scoff". Nirvana are sounding better and word has it that they are being courted by every little major label under the sun and are leaving Sub Pop! MTV Stars of the future? Millions of records sold? I think not but still my favorite band. Pure rock in the truest sense of the word. Oh yeah, great place Calvin, keep those disco lights going!! -The Raving Asshole





"HELL" DAN SMITH

THEE HEADCOATS
HEAVENS TO MURGATROYD, EVEN! IT'S THEE HEADCOATS! (ALREADY)
Sub Pop

This record is so good, so pure, that the only thing that needs to be said is- The Reindeer are Wild, the carribou are loose. 'Nuff said.

MARK ARM
MASTERS OF WAR 7"
Sub pop

Did he take acid and listen to Bob Dylan or smoke pot and put on Bob Dylan and the television and watch the news without sound or what? Probably both because this thing is incredible. Mudhoney fans will listen and scratch their heads and wonder. The B-Side is Arm doing a Bo Diddley riff with lyrics about a girl he hit in Amsterdam and ran away from...this record gets a big "huh" from Stereo Nazi. I like it alot, this might be a final release before he leaves to India in pursuit of that thing we call love.

THEE HYPNOTICS
COME DOWN HEAVY
Beggars Banquet

Come Down Heavy is fucking right. I can't believe I like this record and I don't like their other records. Anyhow most of this album makes me feel alright just like Funhouse (stooges) or Hightime (MC5) does. However this is not just a retrotip, these guys sound fresh, multi layered walls of fuzz. Wham, Wham guitar to blow your mindwith. If this is what signing to a major label does, then I recomend it. (just kidding)

COWS
SLAP BACK 7"
Amphetemine Reptile

Have you ever heard of this band?! No! You are an idiot becaause these guys are so good. I like to think of enduro bikes and go carts when these guys are on any turntable because it's pure dirt, baby. Not Grunge, Scumbag rock. This is big, Deal with of be Dealt with.

BEASTS OF BOURBON
BLACK MILK
Karbon Records

Have you ever heard of Mudhoney? Well there's a guy in this band by the name of Kim Salmon who was in the best un-discovered band of the eighties-The Scientists- and Mudhoney no doubt heard them because they not only sound like them but they looked like the pre-haircut Mudhoney. Well here we have the Beasts of Bourbon because alas, the Scientists are no more but if you like drunk, drug-induced white blues, this is for you. The last B.O.B. album, "Sour Mash" was if not the best, one of the best albums last year, this one isn't as wild but is still awesome. I'd love to see these guys live! Get this or any of the Beasts records because they rock! Larry and I like to get stoned and listen to them and so would you.

PUGET POWER II
7"
Regal Select

Four happening groups; Yummy, Gas Huffer, The Derelicts, and Alcoholics Unanimous. Four happening songs. Buy this and play it at your pet and watch them run, you get it- it smokes! Buy Buy Buy.

POISEN IDEA
FEEL THE DARKNESS 12"
American Leather

After a slew of good singles within the last year and a half Poisen Idea came through with a very strong L.P My favorite thing about this is that there are almost no metal influence on it unlike their last one. Poisen Idea are one of the strongest, loudest, and longest lasting hardcore bands in the U.S.A. BUY OR DIE.

S.T.P
SMOKE EM 7"
Circut Records

Female New York noise rock that does it right. Julie from Pussy Galore and Sally from Honey Killers are half of this band. I reallyenjoy this single because it is not to arty, ahich seems to of happened with this genre of music.

PURIS
BREAK THE GRIP OF SHAME
Tommy Boy Records

Do you like public Enemy, B.D.P., Ice T., N.W.A. etc? If you like those you'll love this! Tommy Boy (the truest of indie labels) turned out this killer 12" of pro black radical vinyl. Play loud and kill your favorite piece of white trash...has nice black panther on the label too! In a word; aggressive!

NIRVANA
SILVER
Sub pop

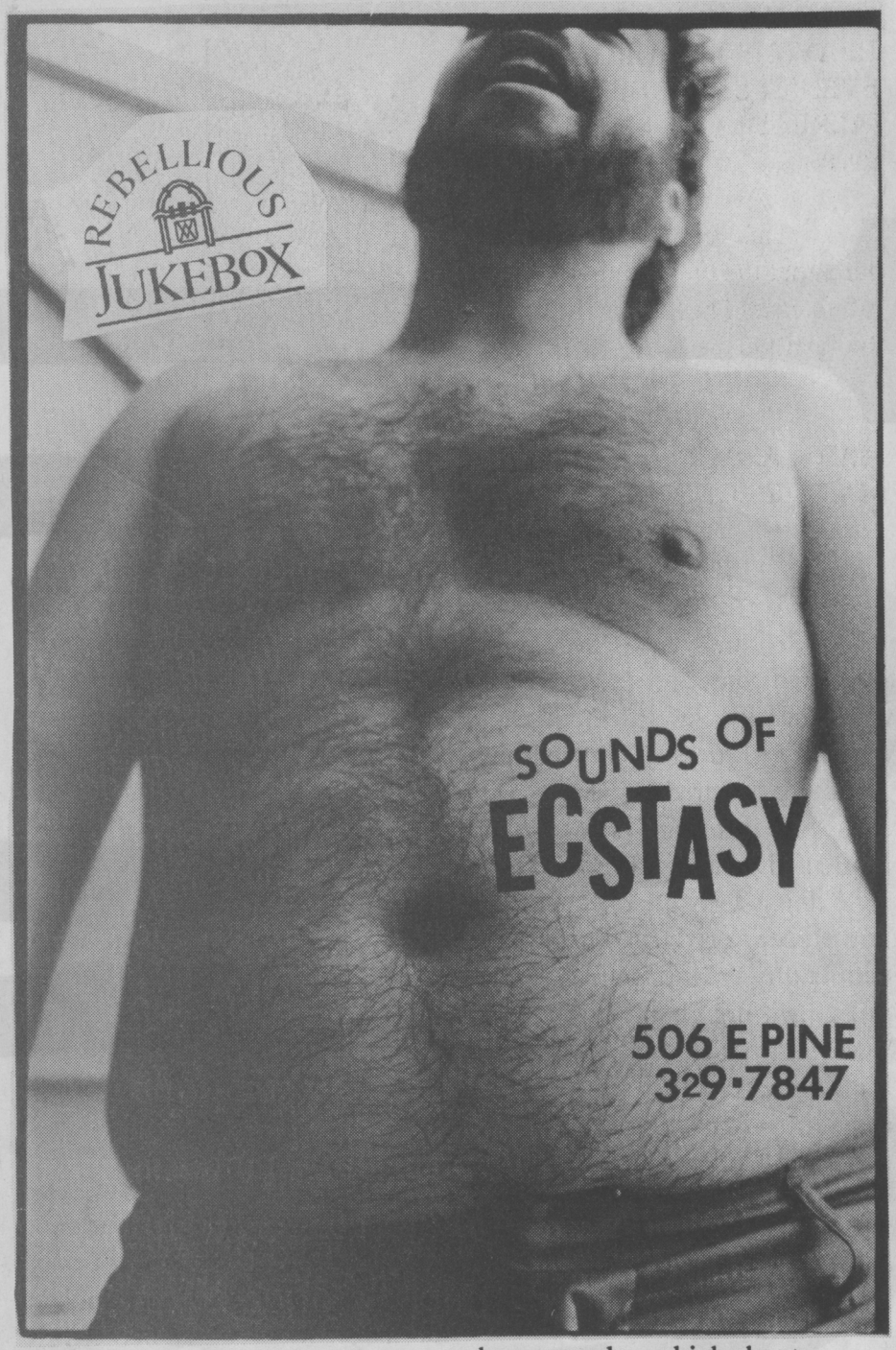
Why review this? It's great and you probably own it already. If you don't, you must still let your mother dress you so goodnight.

HEAVY INTO JEFF
DEMO TAPE

So what the fuck ever happened to Blood Circus? I don't know myself, but I do know that some of the members went through a Dose Dumpster and came out Heavy Into Jeff, for thats what they are. This tape shows much diversity from Blood Circus and it also shows much promise. All you little scensters keep a lookout for these guys, for it'll be fun to whatch another Seattle band grow.

TAD
EIGHT WAY SANTA
Sub Pop

It's a little early to be reviewing this since it won't be out for a while, but I gotta say something about it...YO, SHITHEADS WATCHOUT FOR A STRONGER ,"HEAVIER" MORE "MATURE" TAD IN A COUPLE MONTHS. Oh yeh, recorded in Madison with Butch Vig, dig.



GLITTER HOUSE FIVE SINGLE BOX SET
Featuring; Thrown Ups, Bullet Lavolta, Green River and more.
Glitterhouse Records

It's expensive, it looks pretty good, great music and if you remember the review of the Thrown Ups box set in issue #3 saying that this will get you a house sometime- this applies, only 2000 made so jump on it you collector scumbag.

BLACK MARKET BABY
DRUNK AND DISORDERLY 7"

This is a remake of the Shirkem song from long ago. Simply put Drunk and Disorderly is one of the coolest punk songs ever written. The B side, just like all the others; is a good melodic punk hardcore song. Black Market Baby are no longer around but this posthumous release kicks bootey.

YOUNG FRESH FELLOWS
DIVORCE #9
7"
Pop Lama

Divorce#9 is a really strong guitar driver pop song. Halloween 247 is a strange almost mild version of a Pussy Galore song. Buy this for the A side and thank god they got Kurt Block on guitar now.

FOOL